



Sometimes The Ghost's Dance



4 0 1

Chapter 1 by Graham Wales

It was quiet but you'd expect that from a Tuesday in March. It'd never be a Saturday in July, but there was still a smattering of after work drinkers, jazz fans and the odd couple trying somewhere different.

The band was cooking away as usual.

On any given night they'd work through the standards and depending on how band leader Stevie felt they'd break something down and take it somewhere altogether different. Sometimes they'd be truly astonishing and that had got them some nice notices in the Jazz scene, as it is.

And sometimes the ghosts would dance.

The phenomenon had first been observed by a cleaning lady in the late '60's as she buffed the dancefloor of the recently reopened Nickels jazz club.

The ghosts of dancing servicemen resplendent in their dress uniforms spinning their partners in complete silence suddenly burst to half-life all around the elderly cleaner then winked out after only a few seconds, but the genie was out of the bottle.

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